ONE DOLLAR

Cabaret YEARBOOK

THE WORLD'S
NUDEST
NIGHT
CLUBS

MOST
EXCITING
BODY
ON EARTH

HOW
STRIP TEASE
INVADED
FRANCE

COMPLETE
GUIDE TO
PARIS
NIGHT LIFE

ALL-PARIS ISSUE

VOLUME THREE

INTRODUCTION

To the world at large, Paris is a frivolous, frolicsome woman—a symbol of exciting rapture and hedonistic joy, of charming elegance and rompish wickedness. In her cabaret life, she is at her naughtiest and her most enjoyable. No other place on earth quite matches the nights in the Montparnasse and Montmartre, along the Rue Pigalle and the Champs Elysses. Here the entertainment fare runs the gamut from unrestrained eggheadism to outright nudity, from the century-old can-can to Minsky strip tease. To Paris, the city of light and the city by night, CABARET YEARBOOK dedicates this entire issue.

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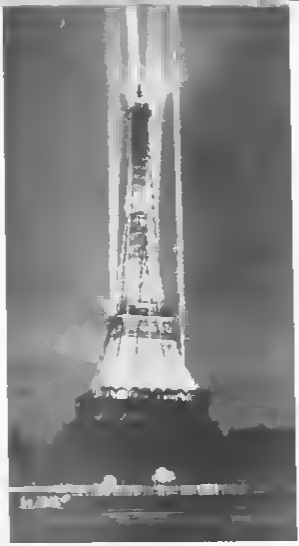

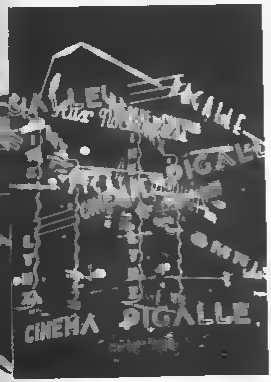

C O N T E N T S

The Cabaret That Is Paris	6
Guide To Paris After Dark	16
25 Best Restaurants In Paris	18
World's Best Floorshow	20
How Strip Tease Came To Paris	26
Most Exciting Body On Earth	36
The Theater That Glorified Nudity	42
Private Life Of A Showgirl	50
Where The Can-Can Was Born	56
The Nude Show Frenchmen Like	62
Bawdiest Restaurant In Paris	68

Cover Of Lilly Christine By Jack Stager

CABARET YEARBOOK is published quarterly as a special edition of CABARET Magazine 8150 North Central Avenue, Skokie Illinois
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WHY THIS ALL-PARIS ISSUE

SEDUCTIVE female that she is, Paris has been a city on the make for centuries. And she has succeeded in becoming mistress to the entire world. From all the corners of earth, Paris has lured saints and sinners anxious to indulge in her sensuous favors.

The city itself has become a vast cabaret, a city with frivolity on its mind and in its soul. From the heights of the Sacre Coeur Cathedral overlooking the pandering Pigalle artery brilt down into the depths of the dismal Catacombs and sewers where Jean Valjean made his haunts, Paris is a mammoth showcase.

History and tradition are preserved and placed on display for millions of tourists who pour in at the Gare St. Lazare railroad station the year around. But Frenchmen themselves are the best customers for the spectacular attractions of Paris. They never tire of seeing Napoleon's Tomb at Invalides or the nudes at the Folies Bergere. And to them both are cabaret attractions in the fullest sense of the word.

In Paris history has become entertainment and entertainment has made history. Nudes parade across the Casino De Paris stage to reenact episodes from the court of Louis XVI and pageantry is watched by entranced thousands who pour into Versailles to see the story of the French revolution told with much hoopla and spectacular fireworks.

Paris grew up through the centuries with a rich tradition of laughter and gaiety. The royal court reverberated with the pranks of jesters and the narrow cobblestone streets were the scene of merry drinking bouts by musketeers.

Today no less than yesterday, Paris is still a city of frolic. It probably has more bars per block than any city in the world and every one is a cabaret in miniature. Its 250 regular night clubs present every conceivable type of entertainment found anywhere on earth, running the gamut from hot jazz in what was once an underground dungeon to female impersonators openly soliciting male companionship. Here nudity knows no bounds, shuns all censorship. Here entertainment recognizes no inhibitions. This then is Paris, the most exciting city in the universe—the city of which it has understandably been said: "When good Americans die they go to Paris." Paris is the beginning and end of all the wonderful things in life and in this issue of CABARET YEARBOOK, we offer a guide to its most enchanting delights.

Showgirls in Paris are displayed in most elaborate settings in any night clubs in the world. Shows run as long as two years in some clubs because of big investment in production. At Lido audience watches through Venetian blinds.

THE CABARET THAT IS PARIS

THE FRENCH flair for showmanship is world-renowned whether in packaging a perfume or a nude. It is at its finest in the biggest Paris cabarets which for opulence and ingenuity are unmatched by night clubs anywhere. But from the extremes of the Lido's lavish productions, niteries in Paris run the full gamut to the intimate *cave* or cellar which features dripping ceilings, gruff waiters, raw cognac and intellectual gab.

These tiny *boites* mushroomed all over the city in the postwar years when a conglomeration of brainy prophets vied for intellectual leadership in the chaotic days after Hitlerism died. For a while Jean Paul Sartre's so called existentialism was in vogue but today the biggest thing in the so called *intimes* is an import from the U.S.A.—the strip tease. No less than 50 spots feature girls undraping—many of them quite clumsily since they have not mastered the finesse of American exotics. But even here the French zest for correct and attractive packaging is evident in the many gimmicks used to present the strip.

For all the success of *le strip tease*, the best nude shows are still seen at the traditional shows like the barnlike Lido on the Champs Elysees and the world-famous Folies Bergere and the Casino De Paris. Here producers spend millions of francs devising ways to present the best dressed undressed girls in the world. Top Place Vendome fashion designers spend long hours devising creations in satins that glamorize Folies beauties and still show enough of their natural attributes to fill the house night after night.

But with all this expensive expenditure, some of the best shows in Paris are still to be seen in neighborhood bistros where French men disport themselves in traditional Gallic style over their red wine and a tray of huitres (oysters). High but rarely drunk, these bar habitues are models of merriment. To join in their fun is cabaret entertainment at its best.

Cellar cabarets set up in old wine caves are found throughout Paris, are most numerous on Left Bank where students make these donk spots their handouts. In some clubs displays include old torture chambers and chastity belts

Dancing to accordion in small bistro, couples make a night club out of any neighborhood bar and enjoy spontaneous entertainment. In many bars customers provide best entertainment as voluble Frenchmen trade political talk.

Favorite form of French relaxation is sitting at sidewalk cafe and reading or watching crowds go by. In late Spring, Champs Elysees tables are jammed

SIDEWALK CAFES ARE OUTDOOR CABARETS

"Pullers" try to entice passing couples into many niteries. These coboret "solesmen" are usually paid by commission

PARIS is the one city where every sidewalk is an outdoor cabaret. Every visitor to the French capital cannot but be intrigued with the favorite entertainment: sitting at a sidewalk cafe over a *cafe* or *pernod* and watching the world's greatest show—people going by. Even in the chilliest days of late November, the sidewalk cafes continue to do capacity business with ingenious heaters installed to keep patrons warm as they slowly sip their cognac and comment on the lines of a passing girl's legs or the lines of a new Citroen speeding down the street.

Art, too, figures in the outdoor cabaret life of Paris with dozens of painters setting up their easels throughout the city to work before appreciative audiences who do not hesitate to comment. Because Paris has so many artists, cabaret-type entertainment is furnished, too, by the many models who can be seen in the flesh at regular art balls or in the many beauty contests regularly held in the city that glorifies pulchritude. Many beauty queens wind up as cabaret headliners.

The nude tradition in niteries goes back to the 20's when the Bal Tabarin was converted from a dance hall with a Saturday night contest for competing nudes. The Saturday night floats were taken over by producers who added complex mechanical gimmicks to start a night club where nudes and champagne virtually came out of the woodwork.

Improvization has always been the top feature in night clubs. There is a free and refreshing spirit in Paris that makes a form of entertainment out of every kind of activity. There is respect for the talented amateur who improvizes an act at a street corner or tries out his ideas for the first time in one of the many cellar bistros found in the most unlikely locations in Paris. Television has not made any inroads in standardizing show business, since in all France there are only 250,000 sets owned by 50 million Frenchmen.

Political skits staged by amateur players are often presented in clubs and some units became professional

Beauty contests often launch girls into show business. Audiences often insist girls prove charms are not "falsie"

Artists at work in most scenic spots throughout city provide caboret-type entertainment for passersby. Often large groups gather around painter to discuss merit of his work. Models are often props to attract crowds and help sales.

PIGALLE IS BIGGEST NIGHT CLUB SECTOR

Pigalle station on the Metro is like Times Square in New York and is busier at midnight than at noon. Outside subway station are dozens of "pullers" working for clubs in Pigalle area, trying to line customers for their nude shows

Nudes parade in variety of weird costumes in Pigalle shows, many of which try to imitate Folies Bergere

Sea of neon lights—only such display in Paris—keeps Rue Pigalle brightly lit up all night long. Hot dog stand catering to Americans is at head of street

PARIS does not have a single centralized cabaret sector like New York's Time Square. Rather its night life is sprawled out all over the map of the city. Closest thing to a night club area is the Rue Pigalle, which became famous in the postwar years mainly as the hangout of American GIs who called it "Pig Alley." Along this two block-long street at the bottom of the Montmarte hill are dozens of bars and niteries and even a hot dog stand that cater not only to U. S. servicemen on leave but also to tourists from all over the world. Each club boasts that it presents the nudest show in Paris and displays color photos on the exterior to prove their contention. The minute the tourist alights from a taxi or comes up into Place Pigalle from the subway, he is assaulted by flocks of "pullers" employed by different clubs to corral customers. These fellows work on commission and are quite persistent as well as lavish in their promises.

While it is true that Pigalle clubs display more of their girls than most other clubs, the fact is that its scrawny nudes are less worth seeing. The best of the Pigalle clubs are the Naturalistes, Eve and the Sphinx, the latter thriving on the name of what was once the best known brothel in Paris. Most other clubs present shows not too much unlike what could be seen in "The Block" in Baltimore and "International Settlement" in San Francisco. The tourist must also run the gauntlet along Rue Pigalle of ladies of the evening who ply their trade openly while gendarmes ignore their solicitations.

American sailors on leave usually pour into clubs and join in Pigalle hilarity, including audience participation in strip tease numbers.

NUDES ARE ACCEPTED AS COMMONPLACE

IF NOTHING ELSE, Paris cabarets are distinguished in the immense variety of gimmicks contrived to display the female form. Every theatrical trick in the book has been employed to present its nudes and the search continues to find new settings and costumes contrived to spotlight the classic lines of feminine beauty. Even customers join in the Paris sport of disrobing girls via fishing poles to remove items of clothing or quiz contests that give patrons the right to take a bra or skirt off a stripper.

With its typically-intellectual approach, Paris has seen its kiosks featuring legitimate operettas and plays with nudes and at least one bistro that presents a woman lecturer discussing the shape and size of the bosom, along with humorous cartoons.

Nudity is always accepted as the commonplace and is found in the movies as well as the Folies Bergere. Top actress in France today is Martine Carol, who has never appeared in a film without being nude at least once.

Even operettas in Paris have strip tease. One features Italy's Valerie Fabrizzi, who sings as well as strips in show at the Alhambra

Views of showgirls from every angle are provided by Pigalle cabaret, which has unique curtain for opening of nightly show.

Trying to remove bathing suit worn by showgirl, audience works adroitly with fishing poles to catch loops on suit

Lecture on bosom secrets of women is given by Rita Carelli, who delivers scholarly dissertation aided by art work

After show is over, Lido cowgirls make way backstage for relaxation. Showgirls have absolutely no inhibitions about parading around nude backstage despite many male workmen

LIFE OF NUDE NOT ALL GLAMOUR

BEHIND THE SCENES, the Paris *nue* is never the glamour girl she is in the spotlight on the stage. Dressing rooms are small, crowded and cluttered. Oddly many dressing rooms have pictures of nudes (not the showgirls themselves) hung on the walls, much as pictures of Beethoven and Brahms might hang on the wall of an aspiring musician. In these surroundings, girls have no inhibitions about their lack of clothing. Males backstage walk in and out while the stark naked girls pay no attention whatsoever.

Most girls work long hours, generally seven days a week, without any paid holidays. And at the dozens of cheaper clubs such as those in Montmartre, or those American tourists visit on the "Paris By Night" tour, the girls, in addition to their show duties, must act as something the French call "entraineuses"—B girls who go into the club, sit at tables or stand at the bars, and give the "come on" to single men in order to get the men to buy them drinks. These girls dance with the men, order champagne, encourage him to think that perhaps there might be something even nicer than dancing awaiting him after the show, and generally get him to spend a lot of money before he realizes that there will be "nothing doing" afterwards.

The girls tell each other everything, like girls in a boarding school—all about their lives, their parents, their friends, their dates, what their respective boy friends did or said last night. The older girls give advice on affairs of the heart—and other things—to the younger. They kid each other, compare their bodies.

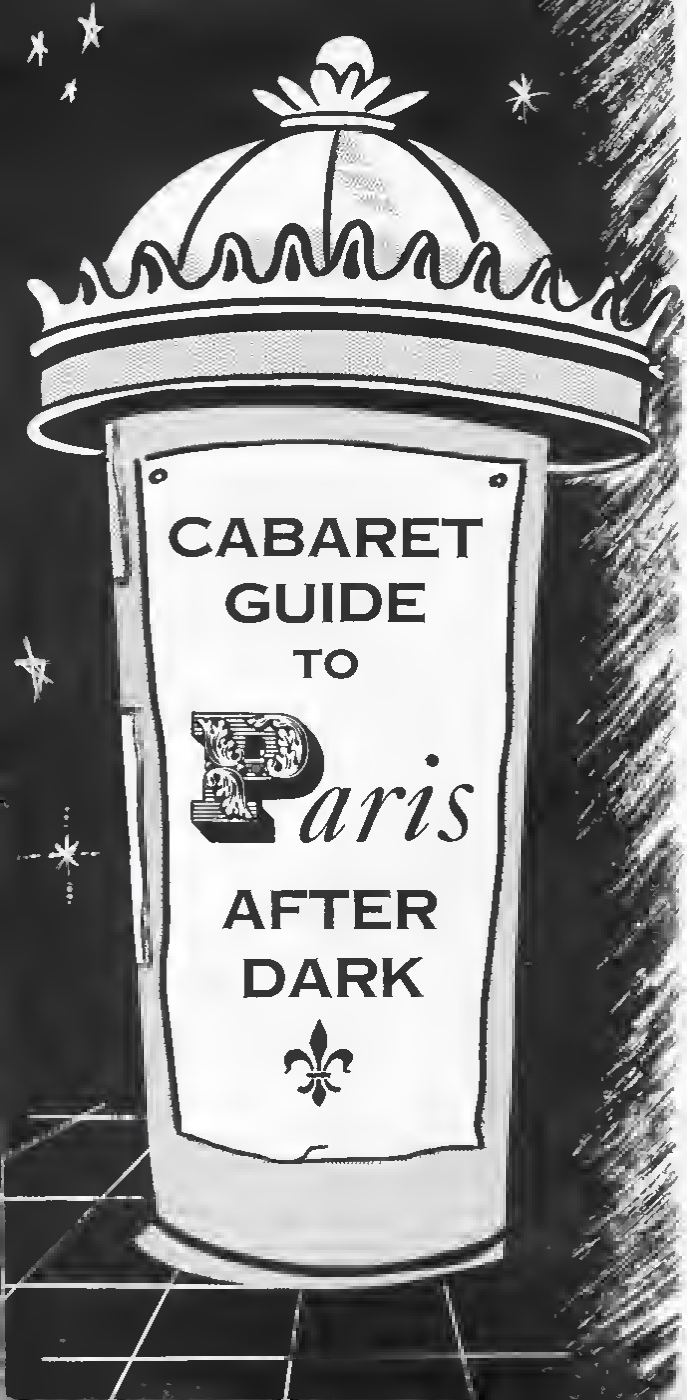
Most showgirls have boy friends, but the boy friends come from the same, low-income social group as they. If they were not showgirls, this might be all right, they would probably have married, both worked, had children. But once they become showgirls, they get a glimpse of another world. Wealthy tourists from all of the countries of the world come to their clubs or music halls, frequently send them flowers, take them out to fine restaurants in luxurious cars. And slowly in the hearts of most of the showgirls is born a tiny, nagging hope—a hope that one day, one of these men, passing through, will ask the question, "Will you marry me?"

In their dressing room, showgirls enjoy cameroderie, primp before mirrors and exchange gossip to pass the time

Showgirls are usually well-read, keeping up with latest politics and newest murders while waiting next cue

Lounging chairs are provided to showgirls at Lido, which pays highest salaries of any club in Paris. Up-ended position is supposed to make legs shapely

Champagne icing keeps staff of girls busy constantly in most big niteries



TOURIST CIRCUIT

Lido, 78 Champs Elysees (ELY 11-61). Most sumptuous spectacle in town with the money poured into production values and top unusual acts. A mixture of French taste and American pacing, this is one of the best shows of its type in the world with lovely chorines and nudes. The show runs from 11 PM to 2 AM. There is a $6 minimum per person and it is worth dining there to get the choice seats for the show.

Moulin Rouge, Place Blanche (MON 00-19) Refurbished edition of the famed turn-of the century spot made famous by Toulouse Lautrec and Jose Ferrer. Now somewhat gaudy and chromed, it offers topnotch vaudeville shows tempered with an exciting can can chorus. It is reasonable with a $1 cover and $3 minimum.

Nouveau Cabaret Moulin Rouge, Place Blanche (MON 34-25) Right next door to the original this was recently opened by a rival group headed by Nachat Martini who tried to add a French Casino to the New York nightlife picture some years ago. Cheap at $1.50 minimum with no cover, this spot offers a plush revue aping the Lido but adds a star name every month. It hopes to become a sort of poor man's Lido. Only worth the star name or for general night club browsing.

L'Elephant Blanc, 24 Rue Vavin (ODE 62-95) Just a place to dance, but gets the aristocratic and show business set and is a place for ogling the greats. Neatly built and lit, this bistro offers two bands. A drink comes to about $5.

FIDDLE FADDLE

Monseignaurs, 94 Rue D Amsterdam (TRI 24-35) One of the most popular violin boites, where customers are drenched in schmaltzy fiddle music while the musicians drink their champagne in fine fellowship. Lush gypsy music abounds plus some creditable acts.

Dinarzade, 16 Rue De La Tour (TRO 05-05) Another fancy Russian boite, but leaning more on food and a floor show which usually has good headliners. Excellently decorated and worth visiting in Spring or Summer when the garden and fountain are in use.

Cira's, 6 Rue Daunou (OPE 68-32) A gypsy boite with roaming players whose real Hungarian music is well worth sampling. Probably the best crepes suzette in town.

Casanova, Avenue Ratbel (MON 93-96) An extremely adroitly decorated little room which has the fiddles and usually good entertainment. A good late spot for that type of moody atmosphere.

JAZZ SPOTS

Le Vieux Colombier, 21 Rue Vieux Colombier (LIT 22-53). For the young jazz-minded French set, with jitterbugging as much of a show as the music. The habitat of Sidney Bechet and Mezz Mezzrew, now settled here, plus the leading New Orleans style Gallic band of Claude Luter. Noisy but jivey.

Metro-Jazz, 14 Rue St. Julien Le Pauvre (ODE 00-79) Paradoxically, this jazz spot is situated in a medieval cave and the noise echoes to the sweating old walls. Features Peanuts Holland and the good Gallic jazz band of Andre Rewiollty.

FLESHPOTS

Les Naturelistes, 1 Place Pigalle (TRU 13 26) Large scale production show with nudes and suggestive skits the main attraction How ever, clever bits and general production value are above average for this type of club Worth a visit to get the spirit of the "Pig-Alley" joints.

La Ville, corner Raspail Montparnasse (DAN 64-85) A nude club with acts and the gim mark of inciting the patrons to break plester dishes This sometimes gets out of hand A good place to sublimate any grievances against the French Prices are par with the usual $15 for champagne or about $5 for a drink.

Pigall's, 77 Rue Pigalle (TRI 53 38) An other garlic review with enough fairly well regulated numbers to make it worth while even when the interest in the nudes wears off Comes to $15 for a bottle of champagne

Narcisse, 9 Place Pigalle (TRI 07-83). A nude joint that also mixes the bmp wrist set in with the production numbers. Gaudy and slightly offbeat enough to be worth one visit Champagne at the usual $15 per bottle, and do not let them slip in that second bottle without asking for it.

Le Jockey, 127 Blvd Montparnasse (DAN 48-93) Was once famous during the height of the life of the "lost generation" after the first World War It is now a nude show pri marily, with some good acts at times.

GAY SET

Carrousel, 40 Rue Colisee (BAL 11-68) Best and most tasteful drag show in town Clientele is mostly normal, but showgirls are all boys. Many a time it is almost impossible to tell a boy from a girl. Humor is never coarse but overlong show sometimes makes one tire of the one joke effect.

Madame Arthur, 75 Rue Des Martyrs (MON 26 62) Same ownership as Carrousel but more rough and tumble, with boys in drag flirting with patrons for atmosphere. Okay for a look at an out of the way type club

Moocdo, 60 Blvd Edgar Quinet (DAN 41 30) A distaff of that is the word, type of Madame Arthur's Here deep voiced women dance with more high pitched speaking women It is worth a look, and also has a show featuring nudes female that is

SOPHISTICATED SPOTS

Le Carroll's, 36 Rue Ponthieu (ELY 46 60) Fancy cellar spot with atmospheric manly dressed hostesses. Show is usually good with headliners always on hand A staple for show people, this always has a crowded, loud feel ing. Dancing is difficult on the small dance floor Prices are par

Chez Suzy Solidor, 4 Rue Blazac (BAL 21 95) Papered with the many paintings of Miss Solidor, done by famed artists, this spot is patronized by her many friends and followers She is still in fine voice Intime club makes for a pleasant evening with off beat acts barking her throaty singing

Drap D'Or, 58 Rue Bassano (ELY 04-31) Plushly modeled jewel box club that has had many openings and closings Now settled with a good show, and run by chantoosy Odette Laure, this is getting the carriage set and looks to stay on Worthwhile for its headliners, but prices are steep with cham pagne to $18 for two.

LOCAL COLOR

Fouquet Des Quatres Saisons, 59 Rue De Grenelle (BAB 03-12) Last of the existen tialist boites featuring a show on a small stage Usually an imaginative offbeat affair, it now features a ballet to abstract music, a one act play, and some interesting new singers and storytellers A must for that real Left Bank flavor

L'Admiral, 4 Rue Andre Houssaye (BAL 56 66). Cellar club on the Right Bank goes in for the Left Bank influence with a smart revue, and it features three top young come dians who stay on for sentimental reasons Worth a look if an interpreter is along

Lapin Agile, 4 Rue Des Saules (MON 85-87) Famed artist hangout of the good old days, this still has plenty of local color and folk music. Patrons can get up and give out, and on a good night this has a fine feeling for what it must have been like when it was the habitat of the Bohemian populace. Cheap and worth a curiosity visit

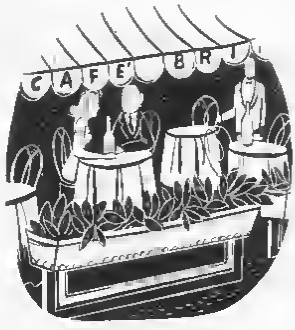
Chez Gilles, 5 Avenue De L'Opera (OPE 53 59) A typical French supper cabaret with a fine show going on from 10 PM to 2 AM Excellent acts and a great comedy duo in Jean Poiret and Michel Serrault, but here, again, knowing the language or having a prompter would help

Liberty's, Place Blanche (TRI 87-42) A long kaleidoscopic show that runs five hours, interspersed by the waiters suddenly don ning showgirl outfits for numbers. It may impede service, but it is fun. Run by the famous Tonton, this has a bright, Gallic at mosphere and is more in the upper club rategory, though one can go and drink. Many famous paintings adorn the wall, and for the true Montmartre atmosphere this is the place

Caveau De La Bolee, Rue Hirondelle A cellar situated in the ancient part of the city of Paris which might have anre been the haunt of Francois Villon Bawdy medieval songs are sung, and the atmosphere is smoky and intriguing

Caveau Des Oubliettes, Rue St. Julien Le Pauvre (ODE 94-97) Another medieval folk song rave whirh was a famed spot during the Revolution, also A tour of the grounds shows up ancient torture chambers and a collection of antique chastity belts. Clever folk singing and patter by the owner, en cased in a pulpit, make this worth a visit. Prices are reasonable.

Crazy Horse Saloon, 12 Avenue George V (BAL 69-69) A boite in western saloon style, this inaugurated the strip tease which has raught on in many little clubs here Always pnicked and with some rumble stripping by shaprly amateurs. Some good acts and rea sonable tabs makes this well worth a visit.



LATIN SPOTS

Macumba, 12 Rue St Anne (RIC 9 8. Good mambo and other Latin dances Well decorated and a popular spot for the upper class young French set.

La Catalan, 16 Rue Granles Augustins (DAN 46-07) Authentic Spanish atmosphere with fine flamenco singers and dancers and a good Spanish restaurant upstairs to boot. Small and subdued lighted this manages to exhude the flair and frenzy of the rhanta ond dances.

Peerin Del Sol, 52 Rue Pierre-Charron (ELY 35 30) All Spanish club with tables built up above the dance floor to give it an arena atmosphere Acts seem authentic and so does the music Okay for addicts of this sort of thing.

OFF-BEAT

L'Abbaye, 6 Rue Abbayr (ODE 27 77) Run by two Americans singing folk songs, Gordon Heath and Lee Payant, it has a steady clientele. This room is always packed. Singers are adept and versatile, and applause is given by snapping fingers due to neighbors com plaining about noise

Chez Reese Bell, 19 Rue Descombes (GAL 90-39) Small boite features an insolent owner whose taste and wit can insult the patrons without any ill feeling. Also has contests with female patrons vying for best legs, etc Unpredictable and good fun at times

El Djazair, 27 Rue De La Hurbette (ODE 96-97) An Arabian night club featuring belly dancers and squealing authentic music. Laid out like a harem it has some shapely girls good on the shakes Reasonable and the best of its type in Paris.

WINDUP SPOTS

Calavados, 40 Avenue Pierre Lere De Seibie (ELY 27 20) Jumps at the wee hours, and food as well as drink is available Features a Latin singing trio and a singing headliner Gets the late stayups and is a good place to end an evening

Le Proec Pieut, 1 Quai Bourbon (ODE 96 48) This striking cave, built by the late Borrah Minevitch and run by his widow, is probably the most tasteful of its kind in Paris Situated on the colorful Isle St Louis it has eating all night and a three piece band for dancing It has become a windup place for both French and American show people

25 BEST

RESTAURANTS IN PARIS

Lapérouse, 51 quai des Grands Augustins (DAN 6804) This is one of France's celebrated restaurants. Situated on the Seine River, it is simple, has a 19th century atmosphere, and private rooms if you want to be alone. We recommend the "medaillon de veau orloff" and the 'canard nantais de colette' (the first is a veal specialty, the second duck) Price $6 to $9 good wine included.

Tour d'Argent, 15 quai de la Tournelle (ODE 2332). A must for most American visitors to France, although it is expensive. It is located on the sixth floor and features a gigantic window wall, overlooking Notre Dame and the Seine. Specialty is pressed duck. This restaurant has been in existence since the time of Henry IV (17th century) Price: $12

Les Isles, 24 rue Marbeauf (BAL 7777) Very cozy atmosphere. Features Martiniquan food, generally quite spicy. Price, about $4 or $5

Le Cotelon, 16 rue des Grands Augustins (DAN 4607) Left bank arts students decorated the place, which is bright and gay. Features a Spanish show, with good flamenco music, dancing and guitar, during meal. Fine food. Jean Cocteau did some of the drawings around the wall. Price: about $5

La Grenouille, 26 rue des Grands-Augustins (DAN 1055). The owner of this restaurant, Roger made himself famous by pinching the buttocks of young ladies who came in, whether they were escorted or not. Go there if you like a lot of noise with your meals, there is a lot of horseplay. Food is good, too, especially the frog legs, in which the restaurant specializes. Price: from $3 to $5

Relais de Porquerolles, 12 rue de l'Eperon (ODE 4430) If you have never tasted good bouillabaisse (a special fish soup), or if you want to taste the best there is, go to this tiny restaurant on the left bank. Specializes in sea food, has quiet nautical atmosphere. Price: about $9

Bleerzade, 16 rue de la Tour (TRO 0505) This is a big Russian restaurant where owners and waiters are mostly former Czarist officers. Always filled with visiting movie stars, celebrities and white Russians. Features caviar, sturgeon, vodka, has Russian singers and violinists. In summer, you can eat in the garden. Price: $10 or more.

La Crémaillère, 92 rue du Faubourg St. Honore (ANJ 2441) Another of Paris' famous restaurants: very quiet and distinguished, generally patronized by businessmen and wealthy foreigners. Its poulet crémaillère (chicken) is very good. Price: about $6 or $9

L'Escargot, 38 rue Montorgueil (CEN 8351) This is the place to take the plunge and try some of France's famous snails, smothered in garlic. Rest of the food is good, too. Situated in "Les Halles" district, the big vegetable market in the center of Paris. You can visit the area after supper. Price: $7

Sanglier Bleu, 102 Boulevard de Clichy (MON. 0761) Few things are better than good French roasts accompanied by full bodied red wines, in which this restaurant specializes. Try its wild boar. Meats are prepared over a wood fire in front of your eyes. Price: $5

Tour Eiffel, in the Eiffel Tower (INV 1959) This is a big, pleasant restaurant on the first floor of the Eiffel Tower, features a marvelous view of Paris during the meal. Also has good food and music. Price: $8.

Chez L'Ami Louis, 32 rue Vert Bois (TUR 7748) Specializes in frogs legs, also has exceptionally good fowl. Looks like it was built at the beginning of the last century. quiet, really good French food. Price: $6

Coq Hardi, on the route de Saint Germain (telephone 205 at Neauphle-Le Chateau) If you have a car, it's worth the while to drive out about 15 miles along the road from Paris to Saint Germain to visit this picturesque restaurant. It consists of several lovely rooms, food is also served in the magnificent garden, where there are pools, trees, flowers and, from the top of the garden, a view over the countryside. Price: about $9

Empire Celeste, 5 rue Royer Collard (DAN 00 49). Chinese in Paris attest that this little restaurant in the heart of the Latin Quarter serves up the best Chinese food in the city. Also is one of the few places where you can get a good States like dry martini. Price: $2 to $3 with tea

Beaux-Arts, 11 rue Bonaparte. If your finances are short, this is the restaurant to visit. Two floors, good, solid tasty French food, lots of students, so there may a wait for a table. Price: $1 to $2.

Scandie Club, 35 rue Guy Lussac (ODE 9947) This is a small, cozy place over on the Left Bank which features smorgasbord (Swedish) and the singing of Mamie de Rivel. Nice little fireplace in winter. Price: $3 or $4

Quasimodo, 42 quai d'Orleans (ODE 6360) A cozy little restaurant in back of Notre Dame. Good chicken and one of Paris' best wine cellars. Price: $5

Le Coupole, 102 Boulevard Montparnasse (DAN 9590) A favorite hangout of left bank painters. In the neighborhood Hemingway used to frequent when he was in Paris. Price: $3

Hogger, 67 rue monsieur le Prince (DAN 2584) Specializes in North African food like couscous, served by turbaned waiters. Very North African style: water fountain in court. Moroccan decorations. Price: $3 or $4

Au Vert Galleot, 42 quai des Orfevres (DAN 8368) Restaurant overlooks the tranquil "point" of the Seine. Quiet, businessman clientele. Good standard French dishes. Price: $6.

Prego, 9 rue du General Lanrezac (ETO 1141) This cozy, quiet Russian restaurant features marvelous blinis, borscht and other Russian food. Our only objection is that people are seated too close together. Middle class clientele. Price: $3

Sac Francisco, 1 rue Mirabeau (MIR 7544) Probably the best Italian restaurant in Paris. Serves up nice thin pizza and good ravioli. Italian decor. Price: $6

Potochou, 13 rue du Mont Cenis (MON 3046) The main attraction of this restaurant on the Butte Montmartre is the famous singer "Patachou," herself, who specializes in naughty songs. There is also a show. The restaurant claims you can eat there for $5 but it's better to count on paying about $9

Brasserie Lipp, 151 Boulevard Saint Germain (LIT 5391) This old-style Germanic-looking cafe is one of the oldest and stardest literary centers in Paris. Serves food upstairs, and features a choucroute (a kind of sour kraut) which is famous throughout the city. You can get the biggest mugs of beer you ever saw. Price: $5

"Miss Strauss has graciously consented to a most unusual experiment . . ."

WORLD'S BEST FLOORSHOW

Elaborate fountain displays are usually part of every Lido show, with nudes parading around colorfully-lighted water

MOST SHOW BUSINESS pundits who have toured the night life circuits around the earth insist that the best floor show in the world today is found at the Lido Club in Paris. Such a sweeping statement is hard to prove but if any club in the world can make such a claim, it is certainly the Lido.

Girls are accepted everywhere as the basic element of a nitery revue and since the Lido presents not only the best-looking girls in Paris, but also shows more of their epidermis and in more spectacular settings than any other spot, the Lido has substantial evidence in its behalf.

Paris is a city noted for its nudity and the Lido is where the shapeliest nitery nudes can be seen. They are presented in every conceivable gimmick. One year it was behind a curtain of rainfall around the runway, another with a flock of pigeons flying out into the audience showing off the unclad beauties on stage.

This year a tremendous plane which was a copy of Air France's Viscompte was built to disgorge nudes onto the stage. But on opening night of the new show called "Desires," there was no time to fly the plane in and two nudes on a swing over the audience were substituted. Reviews were so good without the Air France plug that the producers grounded the plane until the next show. One wag commented: "Janes are better than planes anytime."

Neon-lit front of Lido is by now a familiar landmark on famed Champs Elysees. Club symbol is lion of St. Mark, which was borrowed from Venice which has beach resort named Lido

Preasian marching by Bluebell Girls takes hours of rehearsals by charines.

Statuesque nudes parade across Lida stage draped in very elaborate costumes of satins, feathers and beads.

Prison tableau set in realistic cells is spectacular number in new Lida revue called "Voulez Vous." Girls in show gets manth's vacation each year, wear gowns worth up to $600 in each Lido show

MOST LIDO GIRLS ARE ENGLISH

Foshion creotions of best French designers get big play in Lido show, even draw attention of male U. S. patrons amazed by imaginative creations

Live lovebirds in cage headdresses of nudes are part of Chinese-motif number. Nudes at Lido do not dance like American strippers, but rather pose and walk about slowly and gracefully. Nude on trapeze comes out over audience on a runway

Garde Republicane number by Bluebell Girls is reminiscent of similar precise dancing by New York's Radio City Rockettes

FIXTURES at the Lido are the dancing Bluebell Girls, who have been the mainstay of the club since 1947. Oddly they are primarily English with the present group of 18 composed of ten English girls, two German girls, one Norwegian and four French. The headmistress is Miss Bluebell (real name Margaret Kelly), who danced at the Folies Bergere before the war. Her girls are handpicked for height, ability and looks, and range from the ages of 18 to 24. Miss Bluebell holds auditions every few months, and there is a big turnover since the girls are assiduously courted and many marry before their tenure is up.

Most of the girls have a show background. Some have danced at the Sadlers' Wells Ballet, but became too tall for the chorus. They make $10 per night but augment their incomes by special TV and other outside appearances. Most of the girls choose Americans or Frenchmen when they marry. However, various Oriental potentates have also asked for the hands of these beauteous girls. The two German girls, Alice and Ellen Kessler, are a pair of lovely identical twins, and average about 250 marriage proposals per month. However, they prefer to remain single for a time yet.

Legs are the big thing in every Lido show as in any good American club

Spanish dancers with high-flung skirts are featured in current revue. Foreign performers are usually part of every show.

Swinging high above audience are charmes on swings while nudes are paraded around stage by male partners in finale of revue.

SUMMER SHOW ATTRACTS TOURISTS

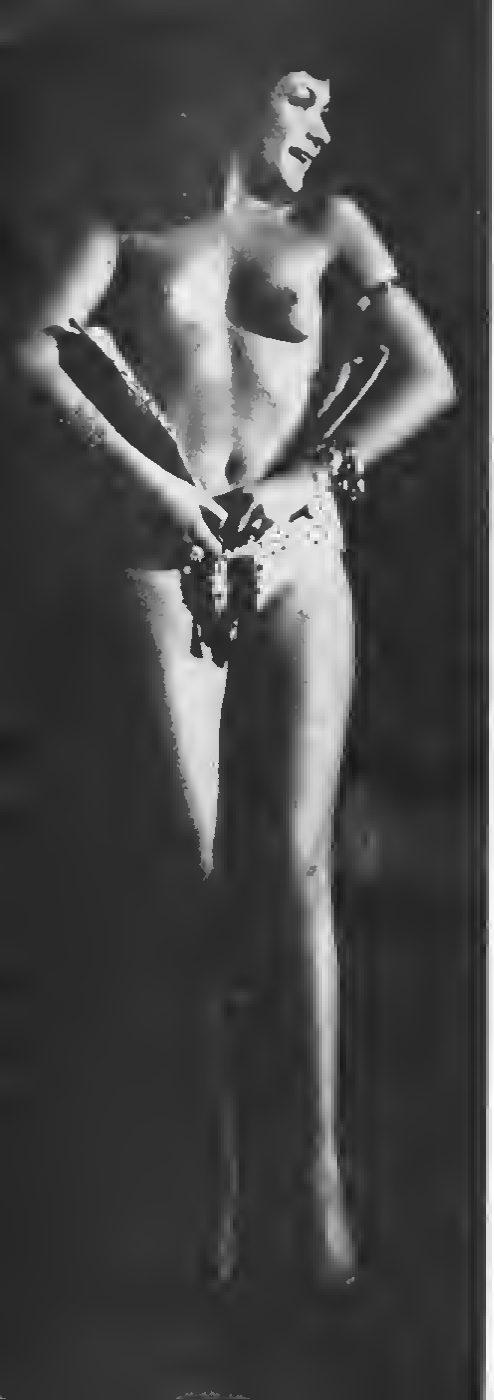
PRODUCERS of the Lido show, the the current version being the most costly in the club's 25-year history, are Pierre-Louis Guerin and Rene Friday. They poured 2,000,000 francs ($200,000) into "Voulez Vous," a show without any name attraction but with overall appeal spiced with attractive girls in G-strings . . . and sometimes without.

The Lido site on the Champs-Elysees was once a fancy swimming pool, and then a dancehall before Pierre-Louis Guerin took over the reins. He set out to make the Lido a center of elegance and showmanship. Its newest show has been its most successful.

Winter business is now 80 per cent French, 20 per cent tourist, and vice versa during the tourist season which begins in April.

The Lido opens its doors at 9 p.m. for diners, and its large, efficient staff serves a typically good French meal which comes to about 1300 francs ($4). About 300 meals are eaten every night. Eating dinner gives patrons seating priority which is important due to the many poles holding up this long low basement room. Over 300 bottles of champagne ($15 a bottle) flow every night. The club minimum is 2300 francs ($7) per person.

This summer will be the best season financially since the Lido opened. With 3,000,000 tourists expected — most of them interested in seeing the sights at night—the Lido will be packed.



HOW STRIP TEASE CAME TO PARIS

Saloon is named for Chief Crazy Horse, who led Indians in wiping out General Custer's men in 1876

Owner Allain Bernardin chats backstage with one of his strippers. After seeing a strip tease for first time in movies, he coached girls like Rita Cadillac (left) in art. She later joined Follies.

UNTIL 1951 staid, baldish Allain Bernardin was a conservative Paris antique dealer. One of his customers on visits to the French capital was crooner Bing Crosby.

Once while selling some 17th Century items to Bing, the antique dealer expressed his admiration of the Hollywood star and casually mentioned that he would like to "go into show business." At the time Bing was rather fed up with the type of cafe found along the French boulevards and said: "What Paris needs is a good saloon."

Bernardin took this quite literally, and the result was a strip tease invasion of France. Crosby remarked that his idea of a good saloon was a spot in Dallas, Texas, called the Crazy Horse Saloon, a place with a burlesque show. Bernardin got hold of a private U.S. film showing a strip tease, learned its finer points and soon opened his own version of the Crazy Horse Saloon off the famed Champs Elysees. Before long *Le Strip Tease* was the biggest thing in France since *Le Can-Can* and today more than 50 Paris spots feature strippers.

The French idiom is applied to the new art and the French word for a G-string—*le cache-sexe*—has already been officially listed in the latest edition of the Larousse dictionary.

Newest strip star at Crazy Horse is Mexican girl named Cha Londres, who does number with a rope.

Top French celebrities are often visitors at the Crazy Horse. Here Maurice Chevalier is greeted by Candida

Longest run of any of Crazy Horse strippers has been Candida, who takes bath on stage. She was elected strip queen

SCHOOLGIRLS BECOME STRIPPERS

Front of Crazy Horse Saloon goes into ordinary house and then into cellar. "Gambler" with striped pants is cafe's doorman. Elaine Dana (left) is an Italian girl clad in frilly feathers of gay 90's. She is 20, has appeared in movies

Strip tease queen Candida is surrounded by her court

HAVING suggested the bistro, Bing Crosby ended up as an honorary president of the Crazy Horse Saloon, which has been primarily responsible for the boom in strip tease in France. Owner Bernardin has been accepted somewhat as midwife for the new art and his words on the subject are often quoted. "There is nothing as horrible as a naked woman standing stock still on the stage with an idiotic look on her face."

In his Crazy Horse, Bernardin installed a half-dozen girls who moved while they undressed, quite a departure from conventional Folies Bergere nudes. Most unusual strip at Crazy Horse Saloon is the bathroom interlude staged by Candida Pojarsky, a Polish-born miss who began disrobing on stage when only 17. She takes a complete soap-and-water bath in a small tub with her name. Recently the brash young blonde was crowned France's queen of strip tease in a contest of ten artists from Paris clubs. After she was crowned, the brash Candida told reporters: "When I came out of the convent at the age of 17, I realized it was my vocation."

Most of Bernardin's girls began as strippers while going to school, needing the extra income. They are not allowed to mix with the customers. Strangely most of the clientele is French, although nudity has been part of French night life for almost a century.

Girls at Crazy Horse perform right among audience (below)

STRIP ACCEPTED AS ART EXPRESSION

CRAZY HORSE proprietor Allain Bernardin staged demonstrations of the strip art for representatives of the long-haired Institut Des Beaux Arts to prove the strip tease is an honorable form of human expression. The IBA's president, a gentleman named Edmond Heuze, emerged from this seance with glowing pedantic observations such as his belief that the strip reminded him of sacred Indian dancers, voluptuous gypsy rituals or the most refined Japanese geisha girls. Since the IBA hands out government prizes and recognizes all forms of art expression in an official capacity, this put the strip tease on a high plane.

Heuze observed: "I support the strip tease out of admiration for female loveliness and respect for human dignity."

Heuze invited a group of his academician friends to a special dinner to see this new form of art expression and it turned out to be a big success. This may mean a future bald-headed academician's row is in the offing at Crazy Horse.

Girls of all nationalities work at Crazy Horse. Bella Cucuh (right) is from Italy while Dodo D'Hambourg (below) is from Germany. Dodo is newest French film hit, too, will appear with star Eddie Constantine in forthcoming movie, "Rascals."

Girls perform every strip gimmick at Crazy Horse, from takeoff on Marilyn Monroe calendar done by Rita Renois (above) to strip on bar done by Dolly Bell (below). Crazy Horse Saloon holds about 150 customers comfortably.

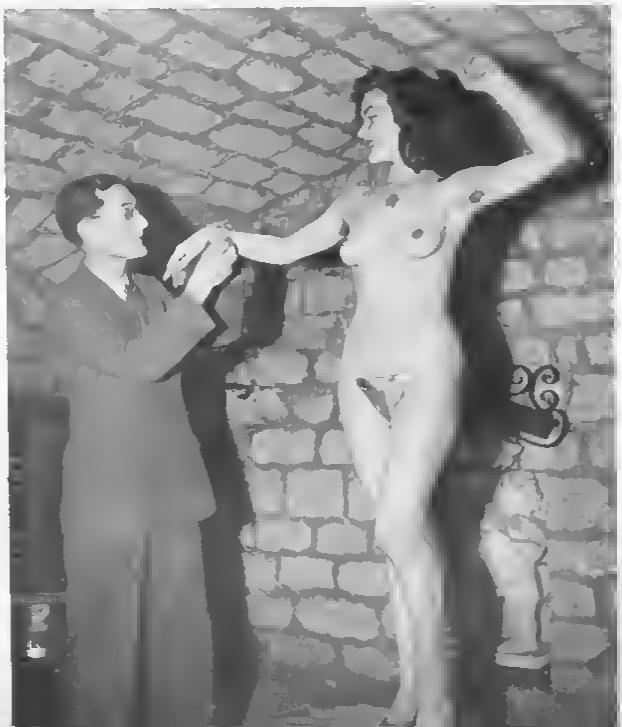
INTELLECTUAL APPROACH USED IN STRIP QUIZ

WITH a typically intellectual approach, the French have translated the strip tease into something more than just the act of disrobing in public. One club billed a strip to the accompaniment of verse from Baudelaire, whose classic love poems are world famous. Another has girls taking off their gowns to the music of the opera, "Thais." But the best show was seen at the Academie des Vins, a night spot in an atmospheric cellar two stories below street level. Here a quiz show that outrates the $64,000 Question is conducted nightly. Each correct answer entitles the person with the right reply to take off one garment from a strip teaser named Mademoiselle Genevieve.

This keeps on until, if the audience is smart enough, Mademoiselle Genevieve stands before her audience wearing nothing except a golden fig leaf. Apparently there is no correct answer for the fig leaf. The Paris night club's program has become extremely popular, offering as it does a double attraction—the chance to answer questions and to help a lady undress if you're right. Mademoiselle Genevieve's act is undoubtedly one of the noisiest audience participation shows ever conducted. When the spectators are shouting out answers and arguing over who has the right to remove a brassiere, it is a bedlam tuned with champagne.

The strip vogue has spread so rapidly that even such traditional shows as the Casino De Paris now feature the technique, although they have long claimed to be the nudest revue show in France. And the strip tease at the Casino is getting bigger hands than the traditional spectacles.

Strip quiz is intellectual game played in Paris to disrobe pretty Genevieve nightly



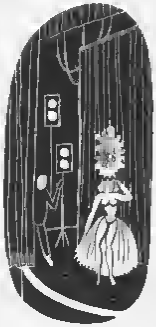
Different kind of strip tease is done at Casino De Paris. Wedding of nudist couple and their honeymoon night is done in sketch that has touch of American burlesque in it and still features that special French approach in dialogue

Reenactment of Roman history is device used by Casino De Paris to present strip tease. As portrayed by Simone Claris, Roman woman was cold in her dignity and unyielding except to brute force, which Roman soldiers were quick to use

"Chinese Shadows"
is sensational scene at Casino

CASINO HAS DARING NUDE REVUE

Japanese girls are portrayed at Casino as most demure of world's women, and also the most animal. Yaka Tony, who is Japanese herself, plays part in a sizzling stage performance



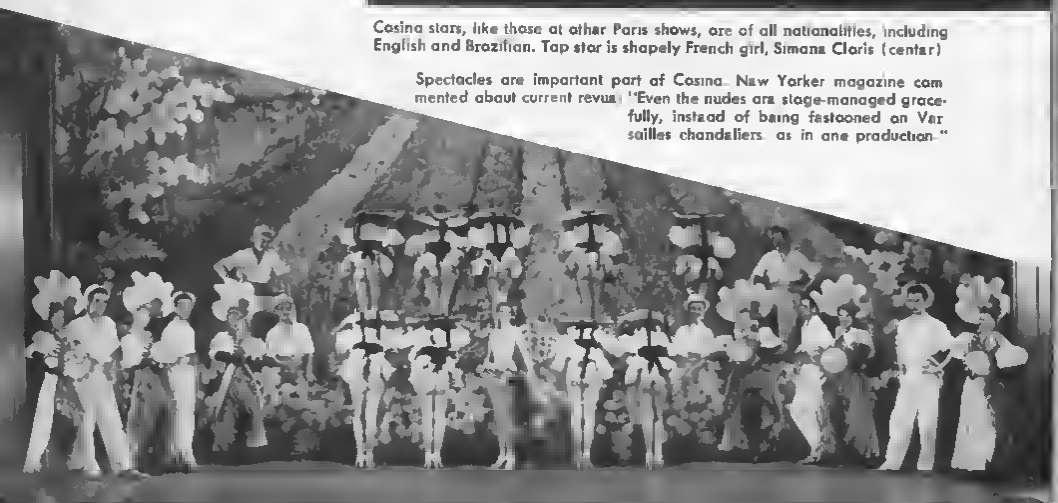
TO COMPETE with the new strip tease craze, the Casino De Paris has a musical show that combines nudity with a daring theme. Like Professor Kinsey, the revue probes into the sexual behavior of the human female—but the Casino De Paris investigation covers the world. What are women like in Brazil, Japan, Argentina? What were they like in ancient Egypt and Rome? What were their approaches to love?

Some 66 girls in a total of 45 scenes answer those questions in far more colorful and exciting terms than Kinsey's study. The answers are given not in terms of scholarly book terms but rather in terms of women of all nationalities in varying stages of undress. Producer Henri Varna turns back the clock to look into the subject of Roman and Egyptian females of ancient times. Two of the Casino's stars furnish imaginative descriptions in the nude.

What were women like in the days of Rome, when Caesar's legions marched invincible over Europe and Africa? Simone Claris, as a Roman princess, portrays her with a frigid dignity. Dressed in a G-string and heavy bracelets, necklace and crown, she moves gracefully across the stage. Her coldness— a refusal to surrender in passion—drives the Romans who surround her mad.

The Casino has all Paris talking about a show that the well-known New Yorker magazine critic, Genet, termed "the decentest, gayest, handsomest dressed and undressed revue seen in years."

Casino stars, like those at other Paris shows, are of all nationalities, including English and Brazilian. Top star is shapely French girl, Simone Claris (center).



Spectacles are important part of Casino. New Yorker magazine commented about current revue: "Even the nudes are stage-managed gracefully, instead of being festooned on Versailles chandeliers, as in one production."

MOST EXCITING BODY ON EARTH

In finale of Folies Bergere show, Yvonne is lifted high in air by dancers and carried off stage

IN ALL the world no woman has been seen in the flesh by as many people as a leggy, copper skinned French girl named Yvonne Menard. To most Americans her name means nothing. But in Europe where she has been the No. 1 star of the Folies Bergere, her name has become almost as much of an institution as the Folies. She has been seen in the nude by more than ten million persons of all nationalities and won acclaim as the world's most exciting body.

By American standards, however, Yvonne does not rate. Besides such busty specimens as Marilyn Monroe and Tempest Storm, she seems almost anemic. And yet to see her long, lithe body is truly a revelation, as many Americans discovered when she arrived here for a short tour of the States.

In terms of statistics, Yvonne is not particularly imposing. She has a 36 inch bust, 21 waist and 35 hips. But statistics cannot tell the story for Yvonne's body has an intrinsic beauty that combines sex and spectacle.

The famed nude has her own explanation of her appeal. "It's because I am different. I do not want people to think of me as a great singer or a great dancer. I am neither but I do want them to think of me as being a person all to myself, being compared to no one."

She knows that her statuesque body is her greatest asset and she does not hesitate to show it off without any extraneous items obstructing the view. In Paris all she wears most of the time on stage is a decorative clasp.

"In Paris, to be a nude is to be artistic," she says. "We try to be like a beautiful painting from the brush of a man like Degas."

Most sensational scene in Folies Bergere was Yvonne's scene in which she stripped on stage and made love to statue which comes to life.

YVONNE BECAME STAR BY ACCIDENT

YVONNE MENARD has an offbeat beauty that projects all around her. She is blessed with high cheek bones, champagne bubbles for eyes. Her body has a natural copper color all over. She has the longest, most shapely legs in show business and warm brown hair on which she puts a purple rinse. Her doe eyed eyes are startling.

For all her worldliness and extreme intelligence, Yvonne was born the daughter of a middleclass Parisien baker who still maintains his own shop. In fact, when she is in France, Yvonne will often help out behind the counter.

Because her family had so little money during the war, Yvonne went out to work at the age of 16. She augmented the family income by selling black market flashlights on the streets of Paris. Shortly after the war, she got a job as a nude mannequin in a small Montmatre night spot called "La Cigalle." When La Cigale closed, Yvonne recalls, "I was still poor and, like every other girl in show business, I made the rounds of producers' offices. One day it was raining bad. My hair was all wet and I looked awful. I was passing the Folhes and, as much to get out of the rain, as to find work, I went backstage.

"The manager looked at me and said, 'Get undressed.' I was glad to get out of my wet clothes. I was even happier when he hired me for the line."

Coming off stage after last number, Yvonne is usually completely exhausted. She works hard in every show at Folies.

Opium den scene in Folies has Yvonne joining in orgy climaxed by her revealing dance with six Africans as partners.

Lifted high into air in dramatic presentation, Yvonne gets applause. She replaced Jo Baker as top Folies star

SHE THINKS U. S. MEN TOO SHY

Lithe and light, Yvonne is almost adagio dancer in hands of her partners. Her first big starring role came in 1952.

AFTER Yvonne Menard became a Folies star, she began dating a collection of maharajas, diplomats and top stars including Orson Welles. They showered her with attention and gifts, including a handsome mink coat. After several months of this, Yvonne decided she liked the simple things in life and began again to lead the quiet life she led before she was famous. After each show, she would throw her mink over her shoulders, hop on a motor bicycle and speed home. Sometimes she would play hostess to small parties there, but never did she invite anyone who was slightly famous. "I leave the millionaires and celebrities for starlets to gather."

To Yvonne, going out with a celebrity is work. "They talk about themselves and how great they are and they always want to go to some big place where they will be introduced or pointed out. I don't like that. When I finish at the club, I like to return to being an ordinary person."

Yvonne is convinced that American men are too shy. She has gone out with a few Americans, but she says, "They are more like boys; they do not know how to treat a girl." In France, she says, the men are more forward; if they like a girl, they will go to any lengths to meet her.

Yvonne well understands what French men like and that is what she gives them, not only in looks but performance. When asked how she felt when she performed for the first time on stage without clothes, she replies quite candidly: "Naked."

Toste for furs and fancy lingerie wos developed by baker's daughter after she become stor. Yvonne, however, still prefers to sleep in nude. She speaks disparingly of Americon strippers, says—"I do not like the American teasers. They are so vulgar with their dirty bumps and grinds. I do not wish to bring out the pig in a man."

THE THEATER THAT GLORIFIED NUDITY

Girl in decorative bird cage is lifted high above gawking audience in big spectacular Folies Bergere opening number

Big production tableaus featuring dozens of nude dancers are feature of Folies. Posters years ago (left) advertised girls "without underclothes."

THE Folies Bergere is as much a part of Paris as the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre and onion soup. Since its opening on May 1, 1869, it is estimated that over 100 million customers have passed through the Folies entrances. It is unquestionably the best-known theater in the world. Few theaters can boast of a history to match the Folies Bergere.

Monsieur Paul Derval, the present producer at the Folies Bergere, took over the theater in 1918. It has not had a dark night since that time. His success is based on one simple rule: he generously feeds the eyes and the senses with the most arresting costumes, settings, trick-lighting and girls possible. He buys the best talent possible and places it against a breath-taking backdrop of scenery and bare feminine pulchritude. He gloriously wraps his girls or just as gorgeously unwraps them. If a special sketch calls for a girl to wear a floor-sweeping mink coat or a perfectly matched silver fox cape, that is what she will be wearing, even if she does not have a stitch on underneath. His formula is to spare no expense in making the Folies Bergere the most glamorous, eye-filling spectacle in the world.

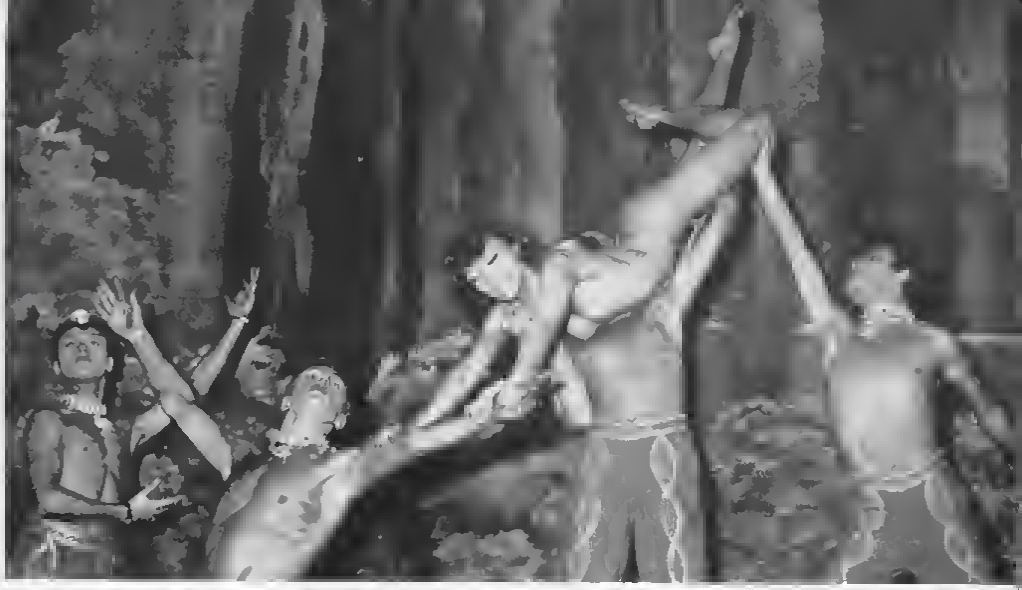
"Tired business men and tourists," he maintains, "come to the Folies to be entertained, not to think."

Derval laments the fact that he must stick to the nudes in the show as his main gimmick.

"The tremendous efforts and costs that a show entails!" he moans. "And then the majority of the customers just come to watch a crowd of bare-bottomed, breast-jiggling females posture and race madly across the stage!"

NUDES IN FOLIES CONSIDERED WORKING GIRLS

Exterior of Folies Bergere on Rue Richer in Paris is unspectacular and unchanged for years. Once patrol of ladies of the evening, street has now been cleaned up. Unusual sets are used to display nudes in show. Animal props (right) are quite frequent.



Most spectacular nude star of recent years has been Yvonne Menard, who temporarily quit Folies to try her luck in America. But after only one well covered appearance at Miami's Latin Quarter, she got homesick and went back to Paris home

THE FOLIES BERGERE can justly be called the national theater of France, although this statement is sure to bring outraged protests from the members of the French Academy, the Comedie Francaise and the Opera-Comique. But the music hall's record speaks for itself. Since Producer Paul Derval took over the Folies 37 years ago, it has never closed, playing 365 nights a year, with matinees, and most times playing to *standing room only*. It has survived two global wars and attendant depressions, and has never gone into the red.

"Since the end of the war we've been getting a finer, more elegant *nue*," maintains Derval. "The post-war economy was cruel, so daughters of higher class families applied here for work."

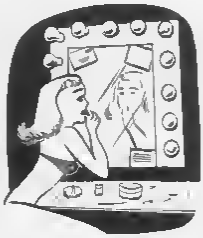
The nudes of the Folies are not convent-bred virgins nor avaricious trollops. Some get out of line occasionally, many have problems. The rank and file of the girls contribute to the support of their families, assist a brother or sister through a higher level of schooling, have a devoted husband or a serious, hard working boy-friend studying medicine or engineering, or are putting aside their Folies salary as a nest egg.

Most of them receive only about 28,000 francs *a month* (about $80). Which compels many girls to hold an outside job. And most of them are not young, being over 30. They look what they are—hard working gals.

Derval is possibly one of the best known Frenchmen in Paris (with his stable of lovely naked girls). He admits to a superstition that the title of each new revue must include the word *Folie*, and contains thirteen letters. Stymied for a suitable title for his last show, he was anonymously sent a list of 150 titles, all conforming to his odd formula, so the Folies Bergere will be going strong for some time, until this list is exhausted. Continually surrounded by nude women, Derval nevertheless does not have any trouble with jealousy from his wife. He notes: "The pastry makair nevair eat the cake."

Negro stars have often been featured at Folies. Most successful was Josephine Baker and newest is shapely Fortunia

Mythology is theme of many numbers, as satyr act shows. Quick changes backstage (opposite page) are important to pace of revue and keep girls hopping



PRODUCTION COSTS ARE VERY HIGH

MONSIEUR PAUL DERVAL plans his Folies show for French tastes and not tourists, although it has become a tourist trap.

His productions costs and running expenses are terrific. The total outlay for a new show is close to $428,000. Ten long hard months of work go into a fresh revue. Despite the fact that the numbers in which the *femmes nues* appear take up about one third of the time, the material to dress the principals and settings would stretch from New York to Pittsburgh. The clothes are the most expensive and style setting to be found anywhere. Twice a week the 1500 costumes are cleaned and repaired. And there is a permanent staff of dressmakers and seamstresses to make alterations.

Some 340 employees are needed for the smooth operation of a Folies show. Eighteen electricians are needed to handle the 5,493 lights and 72 switches on the fuse-board. There are 70 scene-shifters and a score of property men and carpenters.

At 7 P.M. there is little activity at the theatre. But at 8 P.M. the customers begin pouring in, the cheaper seats filling up first. Outside in the narrow Rue Richer an endless cordon of taxis, hired cars and busses disgorge enthusiastic patrons. Good seats are available for about $2.25, with standing-room selling for $1.75. Convert that into francs and you can understand the sacrifice an underpaid Frenchman makes to see the Folies.

The box office is accustomed to have someone ask to buy the "fireman's stool" backstage. Derval once auctioned this seat at a charity ball, to be used by the highest bidder for one evening only, and it sold for a tremendous sum of money. It can be imagined that the view backstage was more provocative than from the front.

The Folies Bergere, unlike most French theatres, starts punctually on time and the opening number is such a spectacular scene that one might almost think it was the grand finale of the revue. Therefore, what follows must always top the other. (The fact that the site of the Folies Bergere was once an ancient bed spring factory might account for some of the scintillating bounce of the shows.)

When, at last, the final curtain comes down on the grand finale and the customers start leaving the theatre, the mistake some misguided men might make is to try and bribe their way backstage for a *tete-a tete* with the chorus girls, or *nues*. He'd be swiftly tossed out on his ear! Only a king or ambassador can pass through the sacred portals of the stage-entrance at 8 Rue Saulnier. President Eisenhower, while supreme commander of SHAPE, actually declined an invitation to go behind the scenes of the Folies Bergere, a refusal which caused most Frenchmen and tourists to roll their eyes heavenward and groan heavily.

PARIS NUDITY BEGAN AT BALL THAT RESULTED IN A RIOT

Rehearsals for Folies take months, are always going on during current run of show. Many Folies productions have been shown as long as three years

Entire cast watches as Yvonne Menard runs through provocative number on stage with her male partner. She is expected to return as Folies star soon

NUDITY was not always a feature at the Folies Bergere. The debut of the first "femme nue" in Paris took place in the evening of February 9, 1893, not at the Folies, but at the Moulin Rouge. But this display was a preview of things-to-come to the Folies.

The hilarious art students of Paris had hired the famous Moulin Rouge in which to celebrate the popular once-a-year *Bal des Quat'z Arts*, a night of uninhibited revelry and orgiastic madness. The student painters and sculptors, attending the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*, had brought to the ball their prettiest and shapeliest models. During the course of the saturnalia, a spirited dispute arose between two pretty girls as to who was the most beautiful in face and form. Encouraged by loyal supporters, they agreed to disrobe and exhibit themselves for examination.

It was a very difficult choice, because both girls were truly beautiful, and the French art students had no mind to hurry the judgment. But, finally, a girl called Mona won. The following morning, old Senator Berenger, who was president of the French Anti Vice League, heard of the nude beauty contest and promptly issued a warrant for the arrest of Mona. She was dragged into the Tribunal, fined 100 francs, and warned to confine her disrobing hereafter to the *ateliers* of the painters.

L'affaire nue might have ended there, with no further inclination of girls to strip naked in public, had it not been for some impulsive and undisciplined gallants of Paris, who, championing Mona, made an effigy of the seraphic senator and publicly hanged him. Police broke up the demonstration and a riot took place, during which an innocent bystander, a young man, was killed. The government had to order in the regiments from their provinces to restore order in Paris. But, eventually, martial law had to bow to public opinion.

Thereupon, young shapely women, following Mona's courage, began stripping in small theaters of Paris. The more select *nues* were engaged at the Folies, where with a capacity of 2000 seats, nudity was to be given its most lavish settings and music.

Almost overnight the Folies Bergere began hiring the best entertainers to be found in Europe. Their fame spread to America, and they came to Broadway. The names of Mistinguette, Maurice Chevalier, Josephine Baker, Fernandel and Charles Trenet are synonomous with Folies.

What is perhaps less known is that the 1910 troupe of Fred Karno's "Mumming Birds" playing the Folies included a shy, sad-looking young man—Charlie Chaplin.

Producer Derval demands that his entertainers and the *nues* always perform as enthusiastically on the last day of the show's three-year run as they did on opening night. He will not allow them to slack off or to become bored.

"The cost of admission," he adds, "for the average Frenchman is high. I feel they should get their money's worth on any night that they are in attendance. I won't permit the cast to cheat them with a performance turned flat from repetition."

Discipline is very severe at the Folies. Whenever Derval's assistants report to him that a *nue* is gamboling sloppily, he makes a swift and thorough investigation.

The difference between a chorus girl in an American musical comedy and a *nue* of the Folies is that the American hoofer is hoping madly to be noticed by a talent scout and shipped to fabulous Hollywood for a chance at the movies, while her French sister feels she has fulfilled her lifetime ambition by just prancing around, dressed or undressed, at the Folies Bergere. Naturally, some yearn to be *fantaisiste* or *vedette*, and be elegantly gowned but purely for a practical Gallois reason: in winter it's chilly on stage in the raw.

Big army of stagehands is constantly on the move to change Folies sets. Big hoist can lift five tons of scenery at once.

Rubber dolls which can be maneuvered to bump and grind are sold in lobby. Coach show is also run in the lobby.

PRIVATE LIFE OF A SHOWGIRL

AT LEAST twice a night for the past two years, Janet Gray, 22, has had to say "No" very firmly to insistent, generally middle aged men. At least once a month, she has had to turn down a proposal of marriage from someone she was seeing for the first time.

Janet Gray is a Paris showgirl. She dances at the Lido night club on the Champs-Elysees, and last year was one of the stars at Montmartre's famous Nouvelle Eve club. The persistent men, and the proposals, are a part of the kind of life led by her and scores of other girls like her, who, seen semi nude on stage, lead thousands of tourists who visit France each year to say, "Ah, gay Paree!"

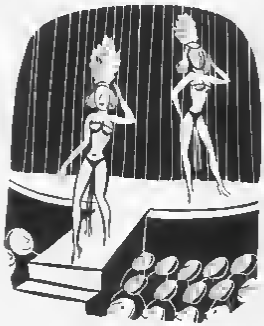
Janet is English. Two years ago, restless with London, she packed her bags and crossed the channel to France. She wanted to get a job in a night club, save her money, and perhaps later make the trip she had always wanted to make — to America. She had danced and sung in a few London clubs. Working in France, however, would be her first big adventure.

When she applied for a job in a Paris revue, the manager said, "Do you have any nude pictures of yourself?" She said no.

The manager said, "Okay, take off your clothes." She was a bit taken aback, but did not want to seem naive—she took off the clothes. The manager said, "Turn around." She turned, and was hired.

Her job at that time was simply to walk around the stage looking enticing in scanty, bare-bosomed costumes. There was no need—she found to her regret—to dance or sing.

Janet discovered some of the hard facts of a Paris show girl's life. The hours are long, the pace murderous and wages ludicrously low. When she started, Janet made only about 100 dollars per month. She has more than doubled that since getting a Lido job.



Working at Lido club, Janet Gray has attained top bracket in French show world but now British girl wants to come to U. S.

Appearing in astrich feathers at Lida, Janet is model glamaur girl but in private life in Paris she finds she must supplement her sparse income by frequent nude modelling for French photographers and artists

HOW TO STAND OFF WOLVES

HOW DO showgirls feel about dancing semi-nude in French night clubs? Janet Gray shrugs her shoulders and comments: "At first you feel strange. Then like everything, you get used to it. It all becomes impersonal, has nothing to do with you really."

When she found it difficult to live on her small earnings, Janet looked for ways to supplement her income. "I couldn't make ends meet on the one hundred dollars," Janet says. "Paris is the most expensive city in the world—you have to pay 40,000 francs (about 115 dollars) just for an apartment, if you're lucky enough to find one. So I got an extra job, as model for a photographer—you know, art photography, like Marilyn Monroe with her calendar."

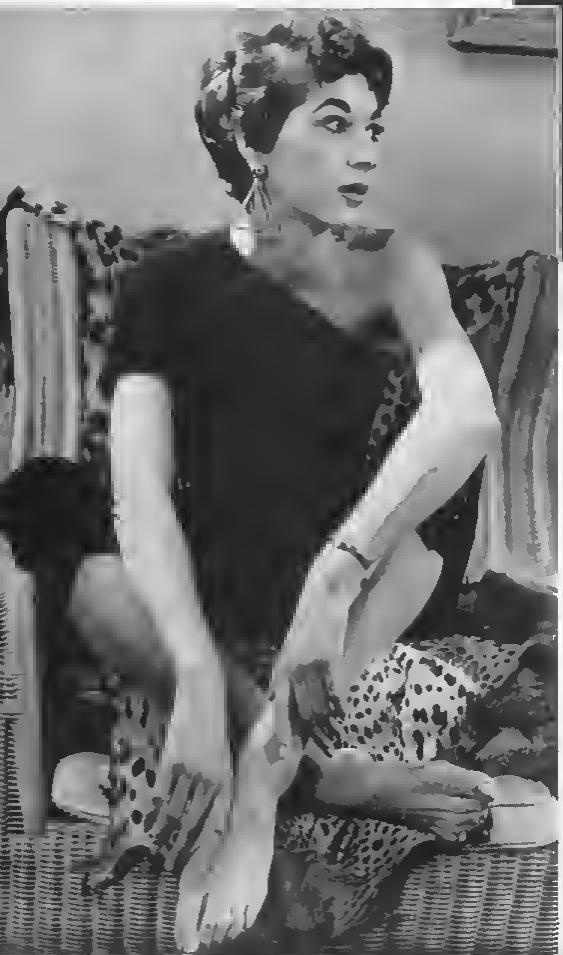
Every night, a certain percentage of cabaret customers are looking for a "good time." They make their picks among the girls, and then make their pitches. "They wait outside the door, or else they send a note to you by a waiter—the waiters aren't supposed to deliver the notes, but if you tip them they do. They all want the same thing. If they're French, it's cut and dried. You say 'No,' he keeps insisting, and finally you break away and escape. A Frenchman is really persistent—he'll come back every night for a month before finally giving it up as a lost cause.

"A foreigner is different. Most of them are lonely in Paris. Besides, they've read a lot about Paris, and have a certain idea about it, and want to get in on some of the city's sin before returning home. You tell them 'No' and they don't insist too much. They're a bit embarrassed. They offer money sometimes—Americans offer an awful lot. When you turn it down, they look surprised, but they leave you alone."

Variety of eloborate costumes are worn by Janet in Lido show, all of them designed to display her in nude poses

In her spare time, Janet lounges at home. She is typical of foreign girls who fell in love with Paris and stayed.

Out in countryside, Janet enjoys communing with nature, gets out of her clothes to enjoy the sun



Part of Janet's meager budget goes for dancing school in the hope that she may be sole dancer.

HALF OF PARIS SHOWGIRLS ARE FOREIGNERS

For from British home, Janet still enjoys teatime in Paris with another British showgirl backstage at the Lido club

Feathers are favorite costume for Janet.

Janet has learned to be adept nude model

PARIS SHOWGIRLS in general are a bit different from those in other parts of the world. The difference is not so much in kind as in degree: in many ways they are more frank, more hardened, more blase than their counterparts in other countries. For they work in the world's most famous entertainment center but one which pays them very little for their efforts.

Janet Gray says, "It's a hard life. There are rehearsals, the show, jobs posing for the photographers. You don't get enough sleep, rarely get a chance to go to a movie, and you get bored with the show routine after doing it for a couple of months. You eat at cockeyed hours and your boy friend gets grouchy because he almost never sees you."

Janet has had better breaks than most Paris showgirls — for proposals by suitors are not so common among others.

The girls have a strong feeling of camaraderie: they share the same hard lot and feel close to each other — like workers in coal mines. A good 50 per cent of the girls who work in Paris are foreigners. Poles, Swedes, English, Canadians, Germans, Australians and a few Italians and Swiss. Americans among them are rare.

Most do not really want to be doing what they are doing, they tried various other jobs, but fell back on the "sale" of their bodies (it is an expression they frequently use) only when they realized they could not do much else.

"She runs after anything that wears pants . . . and he runs after anything that doesn't."

WHERE THE CAN-CAN WAS BORN

Poster by famed artist Toulouse Lautrec helped papularize can-can dance in old Moulin Rouge. Dancers were considered daring when they did split.

Today's Moulin Rouge is in different building than original red mill, still features can-can dancers but now has nudes.

TWO WHOOPING SHRIEKS, eight girls in colorful cotton dresses whirled, wheeled and went into flying kicks and splits showing frilly petticoats, ruffled panties and flashes of thigh. A little man in the corner of the raised stage sketched. He had a beard and pince-nez glasses, wore a bowler hat and drank absinthe from the handle of his cane from time to time. As the girls fell into the final split and flashed off the runway, the little hunched man got up and hobbled across the stage.

This was Henri Toulouse-Lautrec, the famed dwarf painter of the Moulin Rouge dance hall. This was the French can-can near the turn of the century. In one form or another, the dance and the dance hall have survived into the modern era. Today there are two Moulin Rouge night clubs in Paris but whether performed in the Paris music halls, the swinging door saloons of the Wild West, or modern-day night clubs from 52nd Street to Skid Row, the can-can has remained through the years one of the most popular forms of dance entertainment in the Western world. Although more than a century old, the can-can has regularly been revived in musicals and movies and was the theme of one of Broadway's longest running hits, Cole Porter's "Can-Can."

Actually the can-can is a takeoff on the quadrille, which was popular in royal European courts as early as the 16th century. It was in Paris in 1830, when all sexual inhibitions were dropped during the post-Napoleonic era, that the can-can was born at public balls. The "ladies" of that day, after indulging freely in the best of cognacs, gave vent to their gaiety by kicking their legs high into the air and giving a liberal view of their underpinning.

DANCE WAS SYMBOL OF GAY TIMES

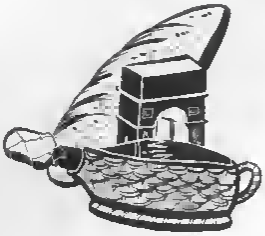
La Goulue, famed star of the original Moulin Rouge, was best-known of can can dancers and immortalized by painter Toulouse-Lautrec in several of his finest works including portrait of La Goulue entering Moulin for performance (right).

THE CAN CAN got its biggest impetus when Toulouse-Lautrec dramatized the dance performed at the Moulin Rouge music hall with his colorful poster of La Goulue, who was starred at the Montmartre dance spot. The hall with its old windmill had been limping along, desperate for customers until the hunchbacked artist started drinking absinthe at its tables and watching its can-can girls. When the owner asked him to draw up a poster for the spot, he turned out a piece of work that has since become a collector's item, although thousands were turned out on the lithograph presses that Lautrec used. The poster not only was an artistic success, but also a business coup for it attracted so many customers to the Moulin Rouge that the place became the favorite hangout for sophisticated Paris night-lifers.

The owner, a man named Zidler, shrewdly got the most flamboyant of the can can quadrilles to dance exclusively at his place, built in an old red windmill. His cabaret soon became a place where the upper classes could mingle with the people and let their hair down and the lower classes could get the feel of high life cheaply. Myriads of people congregated on the large floor of the cabaret, flanked by its rows of ornately-adorned columns, and the joyousness started when the can can quadrille of three women and two men suddenly broke into the center for the dance. The crowds rustled around them, and to the catchy, racy music such ex-working girls as La Goulue (The Glutton), Grille D'Egout (Sewer Grill), La Mome Fromage (The Young Cheese), plus the male partner (Valentin Le Desosse), went into their frenetic, sensual, aphrodisiac can can.

Though all the steps were in some way of classic origin, they were calculated to agitate some part of the female anatomy for audience titillation. In a sense the can can is a parody of voluptuousness, and in a gallant, immoral, gay time became its delightful symbol without ever being tasteless or vulgar for its own sake. Today it has a nostalgic note and, as such, is a bright, earthy, unrestrained dance that is almost prudish compared to the present use of bumps and grinds.

La Goulue, who used to go around draining all the left-over drinks on tables before dancing, performed "la ronde de jambes" (the circling of the legs) which she got from a Spanish dance movement. This had the dancer extending a leg and rotating it, which, she claimed, also wobbled the derriere. All the other steps also used womanly wiles. There was "l'aile de pigeon" (pigeon wing) which had the dancer dashing forward into a kick or split while throwing back her shoulders to emphasize the bosom. "Le porte d'arme" (carrying arm) had a leg held to the cheek while hopping slightly on the other to quiver all the muscles. The big movement, of course, was "le grand ecart" (the big split) which was either fallen into or leaped into from any position.



La Goulue dancing at Moulin Rouge is perhaps most popular of all Toulouse-Lautrec painting of the can-can era

Moulin Rouge founder Zidler joins painter Toulouse-Lautrec in looking at new poster for Moulin Rouge show

Two movies recently featured can-can Newest is "French Can-Can" Other was Jose Ferrer in "Moulin Rouge"

Aristide Bruant, famed Moulin Rouge singer, was subject of popular Toulouse-Lautrec poster (left). Bruant later ran cabaret, welcomed customers by shouting at them. He wrote many of own songs.

Contrasting performers of Moulin Rouge in gay 90's and today are La Sylphe (left), famed star of old Moulin, and cowgirl-clad Lysiane Rey now at Moulin

MOULIN HAS SPOTTY HISTORY

AS A CABARET, the Moulin Rouge has had a spotty history since its hey-dey when popularized by the can-can and Toulouse-Lautrec. Until 1915 the Moulin Rouge was a place where nobility rubbed elbows with the low life. The early characters had long since disappeared but its renown carried on until a fire razed it at this time. Toulouse-Lautrec had died in 1901. La Goulue, after a brief career as a side show entertainer and lion tamer, became an old crone cadging drinks at the cabaret. Valentin was just an old shadow of a man fading quietly, and Jane Avril, the pinch-faced, extremely-malleable dancer who had kept a demeanor of modesty in the lush surroundings, had managed to retire with enough to keep her comfortable.

The Moulin Rouge was rebuilt and still remained a staple cabaret with the can can featured until 1925. At this time an ex-ballet master of the Moulin Rouge opened his own ballroom, the Bal Tabarin. This was Pierre Sandrini, who transferred the girls to his club and gave the line steps and rhythms that are still used today. The Moulin Rouge deteriorated into a standard dance hall, but its name and fame still remained. In 1939 it was just a drab dance hall and closed during the war. It reopened briefly afterwards, as a pickup dance spot for visiting American soldiers. At this time it was taken over by George France and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. France sacrificed the nostalgic look of the hall to completely redo it into a baroque cross between the tinsel and chrome of today with the more roomy, plush aspects of yesteryear. A can can group was reinstituted, with a group of vaudeville acts and a star name the mainstay of the show. Reasonable prices of 90 cents cover and a $2 minimum soon made this a tourist favorite, and the Moulin Rouge was off in its last phase. Now owned by a night club syndicate, the new triple-tiered Moulin Rouge has paid host recently to many big American names such as Johnny Ray, Lena Horne and Larry Adler.

Popular dancer of Moulin during "la belle opaque" was Sara Brown dressed in daring costume for times

Dancing girls at Moulin Rouge today still are draped in decorative braid, but less of it

Lavish Indian costumes are worn in current Moulin Rouge and reflect U S influence

THE NUDE SHOW FRENCHMEN LIKE

Barbecued nude is one of the additives on display at Concert Mayol, which has most unusual and frank display of nudes in world. Acts at cabaret are provocative as well as humorous, toying with love and sex in typically raw Gallic vein of Paris

TOURISTS who come to Paris go to the big, brassy night clubs and shows whose names ring around the world. Seasoned Frenchmen—the ones who know their wines, cheeses and women—go to the Concert Mayol.

The Mayol, a small club in a little street off the Grands Boulevard, is Paris' traditional nude show. This show has almost none of the polish of the big-name spectacles. It is not slick, it is not a big, expensive production with luxurious sets; and, to tell the truth, the girls in it are not the most beautiful in the world.

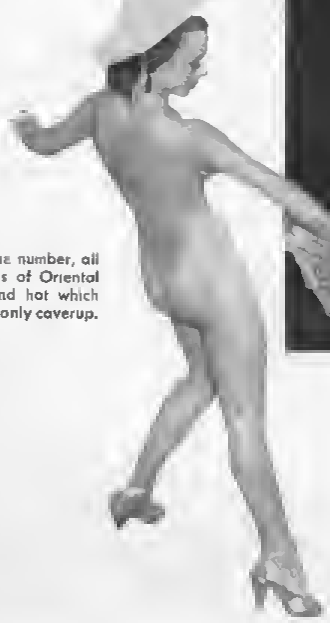
But the Mayol has something else—a particular, bawdy spirit and atmosphere, what the French call "ambiance."

A night at the Mayol is like a night in a gay 90's saloon. There is the same heartiness, the same contact between the audience and the girls on stage, and contact among members of the audience themselves. People go to the Mayol not to say they have been there, not spend a lot of money—but to have a good time.

There is something rabelaisian about a Mayol show. The current production is "Je Sues Mu" (I Am Nude). The last one was called, "Ca, c'est du nu!" (These Are *Really* Nudes!). Its sex is so blatant that some might call it vulgar—but there is humor in it, and it is healthy.

The Mayol show is one, big, rollicking burlesque of the oldest sport known to man and woman. Men in a Mayol show are nothing more than props. No matter who chases whom, the women are the heroines and the men the foils.

Star of Concert Moyol show for six years has been Mogda, a refugee from Communist Poland who started working at Mayol knowing no French.



In Chinese coolie number, all that dancer has of Oriental motif is fan and hat which she uses as her only coverup.

GIRLS MIX FREELY WITH CUSTOMERS

Girls in chorus carry out frivolous theme of Mayol with flower pots while Magda provides background in ornate picture frame.

In gay 90's number, Magda does humorous strip on stage but performer insists that her act is not in strip tease vein.

MEN who own the Concert Mayol know the value of their club's famous atmosphere, and girls are hired for their ability to "fit in." Between a beautiful girl who sulks and never smiles, and a just plain good-looking girl who laughs and has spirit, the second will always be hired. There are lots of girls with shapely bodies in the world; what the Mayol wants are girls who really *like* men — and who get a sort of kick out of the repartee between audience and performers, and the raw sexy humor on stage.

Lots of the Mayol's customers are steady — they come back week after week to see the same show and the same girls, like members of a private club. Some of these men even get to know some of the girls, go out with them for an occasional drink after the show. Most night clubs in Paris frown on such fraternity, but the Mayol management knows its customers and its girls. Over drinks, they laugh, talk, and joke — rarely anything more.

Girls tentatively hired for the Mayol are given a month's trial, not only to see how well they perform on stage, but also to see how well they get along with other girls in the show. Here, too, the Mayol is different. In most Paris shows, the girls are bitter rivals, each striving to outshine the others and reach top billing. At the Mayol team spirit is what counts. The girls must really get along, really like each other; the audience must really feel that there is a one big, happy family on stage.

Through all the skits, there is continual repartee between performers and audience—so many "asides" have not been seen in a theater since the days of William Shakespeare.

The Mayol itself is a long, narrow theater with a curving horseshoe balcony reaching around until just over the stage. It is usually filled with a clientele which is mostly middle-aged or older.

A ramp brings the nudes right down into the audience. The star of the show, Magda, at one point in the performance is brought nude into the audience in a sort of pulley driven space ship.

Because she is star of shaw and appears in mast big number, Magda has to rush backstage for quick changes

In her dressing room, Magda gets into skimpy costumes for her next number. She leaves stage minus even that.

Bubble bath routine is standard at Mayol, but is performed with mirrors to give full view of nude relaxing in tubful of suds

MAYOL HAS RICH HISTORY

THE CONCERT MAYOL has a rich history behind it, being one of the oldest theaters in Paris. It began in 1881 under the name of Concert Parisien. In 1910 its direction was taken over by Felix Mayol, a famous singer of the epoch, who changed the name to Concert Mayol and set himself up as his own star.

It was then that nudes became the big feature of the show, which was a variety bill. The Mayol claims to have launched some of the top names in show business, such stars as Raimu, Lucienne Boyer and Fernandel.

The theater which seats 700 has two shows daily. The evening performance is almost always sold out, while the afternoon house is always about three-fourths filled. Owned at present by Paul Lefebvre and Alex Dems, the Mayol is a thriving attraction which goes on tour every year to other French cities, North Africa and other countries.

Star of the Mayol show for the past six years has been a Polish refugee girl named Magda, who came to France in 1947 along with her parents. She did not speak French and had a hard time making a living.

She posed for photographers and painters in the nude until one day, she picked up a newspaper and saw an ad for a girl to work at the Mayol. She applied, was hired, and the Mayol management has thanked its lucky stars ever since. Now married to a Frenchman, she has one child, a girl.

Asked about how she likes working at the Mayol, she rubs the tips of her fingers togethers and sighs, meaning "I'd like it better if they'd pay a bit more money."

"I would like to go to America," she says in her Polish accented French, "but I have not received any offers."

Magda does most of her work posing, rather than playing in the skits so much a part of the Mayol show.

In one of the skits of the present show, there is a proud woman who is tired of the fact that men always have the privilege of taking the initiative in the seducing art. How would the man feel if *he* had to be the passive one, and if women pestered him when he was not in the mood? She decides to find out. Gun in hand, she tracks down man after reluctant man, makes him strip and "violates" him. The sad end comes when she finally encounters a man with whom she falls in love. Then, she no longer *wants* to do the seducing. However, the man, who developed a taste for the passive role, wants to keep it.

Most girls for the Mayol are hired at random. Sometimes new girls are recommended by girls already working there; sometimes the Mayol runs an advertisement. The business manager of the Mayol says: "We're not like the Folies and the Lido and all those places. We can't fool the customers. They come here to see the nudes, and they see them from close up — so the girls' bodies have *got* to be really good." They are.

BAWDIEST RESTURANT IN PARIS

Visitor to restaurant is former heavyweight champion Primo Carnera in party with French actress, a wrestler and famed artist Dubout (right) who did murals in unique restaurant.

OUTSIDE are a brightly-hued series of drawings that inimitably capture a bygone era of truculence and bawdiness without being vulgar in the least. Impish little men lift the skirts of giant ladies, cavort on tiny drunken donkeys or manage to spew wine in noble ladies' faces at the table of giggling noblemen of the 16th century. Inside is a shrine to the master of satire, Francois Rabelais, in the form of a restaurant called Au Moulon De Panurge. Literally it means "At The Sheep of Panurge." But customers know that Panurge, a character of one of Rabelais' works, has come to mean "ready to do anything," and that is just what happens in this fabulous restaurant.

Downstairs is a bar featuring such drinks as Coup De Veuve (Widow's Drink) which marked the happy meal given by widows after the burial of their husbands in the middle ages, when Rabelais was a young man. A staircase peppered with the bright paintings of the cartoonist Dubout leads into the main dining room. At a brightly-covered table the waiter places a plate with the first surprise, a phallic shaped bread stick.

During the meal, hilarity and good cheer runs riot and no amount of dignity and reserve can long remain unthawed. The 'maitre de' goes around putting garters on the women who are made to stand on their chair and put their left leg on the table. On the garter is the house motto, "Hom Soit Mal Y Pense" (Evil is he who evil thinks). All women, before they can leave, must ring a bell which resembles a phallic symbol. She is then gravely handed a bread stick similar to the one given her when she entered. But on her exit it is done up with a ribbon.

Murals at Mouton are enjoyed by many celebrities who visit restaurant. Theme of most are episodes from Rabelais

Screen star Esther Williams enjoyed feeding playful sheep. Orson Welles once ordered almost every item on menu

Buxom dowagers are often subject of Dubout's cartoons.

SHEEP GUZZLES PATRON'S DRINKS

Sheep at Mouton likes to drink wine and often steals a drink while customers are occupied with eating their food.

"Ordar Of Tha Gortar" is given ballet star Collatta Morchand by Mouton owner while on visit

THE MOUTON de Panurge restaurant which goes along with Rabelais in insisting that laughter and good food are the inalienable rights of mankind was established in 1949 by two partners, Alphonse Remerand and Lucienne Grellur. It was a good restaurant called Le Lyons previously, but being located in a narrow street off the Grands Boulevards, it was felt something new had to be provided. The Rabelasian touch was used and the restaurant soon won world renown, as top celebrities from Albert Schweitzer to Primo Carnera flocked to its doors.

The house motto says that dinner there means success in business and supper a certain triumph in love.

The namesake of the house is a domesticated sheep who has a weakness for wine and is not above hopping on a table to guzzle the patron's drinks. He also likes to nuzzle everybody and during the evening goes through the crowd with roses on his back for the ladies. The sheep is changed every year and the old ones are turned out to pasture provided they have not developed dt's from over-indulgence. All the great names of French walks of life patronize the place, but the patrons also are composed of tourists who enjoy its bright atmosphere of robust humor, extravagance and realism.

The menu is a work of art for it is studded with some of the Dubout drawings and the names of the dishes all have risque connotations. A simple dish like 'Poulet Henry VIII' (Chicken A La Henry VIII) has to be eaten with the hands with enormous napkins draped around the necks of the eaters and held by clothespins. The finger-bowl is a chamber pot. Other items on the menu include the backside of young lamb and love philtres. For a finishing liquor, the sad-looking wine steward might amble to the table and say in lugubrious English, while he waves a brandy impregnated cork under one's nose, "This is our famous hot urine." How he does it is not shocking but yocking. Oldtime utensils are used and greasy finger eating is not frowned on.

Franchmen who gorgad thamsalvas with food is subjact for Dubout art. Madiavol songs provida atmosphara at Mouton.

Sheep is fed by famed Mistinguatt, star of French stage for generations. She died at the age of 80 shortly after this photo was taken at Mouton.

MURALS ARE BIG FEATURE

Vast French capacity in drinking wine is emphasized in one of Dubout's memorable murals

THE MURALS by Dubout at the Mouton de Panurge are as much an attraction as its food. Behind one may be murals of a woman squatting in the French countryside. On another wall is a fat woman walking arm in arm with a tiny cavalier whose overlong sword, swung behind him, has lifted her robe to expose a beefy derriere. Some of the most risque cartoons are in the rest rooms.

Many of the chairs in the establishment have holes, under which are placed slop pots, in memory of the Rabelaisian orgies where the invitees ate for days and never had to leave the table.

It is usually an all-night adventure to eat at the Mouton. The place is packed every night and the usual cost, with everything included, comes to about 2000 francs per person ($6).

THE END

WHO has performed nude before ten million people?

WHAT strip tease club was inspired by Bing Crosby?

READ THE ANSWERS INSIDE

WHEN did students riot to see girls naked on the stage?

WHY are English girls favorites as Paris nudes?

WHERE can a girl be undressed by answers to a quiz game?